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THE
BAFFLED HERO:
A N
HEROIC POEM,
In THREE BOOKS,
On a Memorable Engagement.

Humbly Inscribed to His EXCELLENCY

Sir ^KJOHN COPE, Late Commander in
Chief of His Majesty's Forces in *NORTH BRITAIN*.

- - - - - *Horrentia Martis*
Arma virumque cano. - - - - - VIRG.

Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque Paludem
Miscuit. - - - - - ADDISON.

L O N D O N:

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[Price One Shilling.]

Duplicate

THE
 BATTLE OF HERO:
 A N
 HEROIC POEM
 IN THREE BOOKS

On a Memorable Engagement
 Between
 His Majesty's Forces in North Britain
 And
 The Rebels
 Commanded by
 Sir James Wolfe, Late Commander in
 Chief of His Majesty's Forces in North Britain.

By
 Henry Martin
 Esq;
 of the Middle Temple
 Barrister at Law
 And
 of the Honourable Society of the
 Clerks of the Inner Temple
 Esq;
 Author of
 The History of the
 Battle of the Clouds
 &c.
 London
 Printed by J. Collier, at the
 Sign of the Sun in St. Dunstons Church
 Lane, near St. Dunstons Church
 1741.



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 [Price One Shilling.]

And plumes for lofty THE daring Wings
Superior Wars, in equal Vain, the lungs

B A F F L E D H E R O :

A N

H E R O I C P O E M.

B O O K I.

L E T others sing how *Dettingen* records
The deathless Valour of *Britannia's* Swords ;
How *GEORGE* the Soldier and the Chief display'd,
While Justice hung on his descending Blade.
Far nobler Thoughts the raptur'd Muse engage,
Her Bosom labours with sublimer Rage ;

Superior

Superior Wars, in equal Verse, she sings,
And plumes for loftier Flights her daring Wings.

IN vain would *Bedford* claim the deathless Lay
His Merits must not intercept her Way. 19

And, greatly tho' thou shin'st in *Albion's* Cause,

Expect not here, O *WILLIAM*, thy Applause:
Where ev'n the Beauties of *Fitzroy*, in vain,

Unrival'd as they are, demand the Strain.

Themes of another Muse! while This requires 15

The boldest Numbers, and the fiercest Fires.

FA SET by the Banks of *Thames*, where proudly rise
Augusta's Spires, and glitter in the Skies;

Stands an extensive Street, well known to Fame;

Which from the neighbouring Saint derives its Name. 20

Here as you pass, th'expanded Eagle's Flight,

High-swinging o'er the Door, arrests the Sight.

Illustrious

Illustrious Bird ! from whose strong Wings were hurl'd
 Rome's dreadful Thunders round the trembling World
 How were thy Terrors thrunk ! how little priz'd
 Was all thy Force ! thy Threats how much despis'd
 Till plum'd by George again thou dar'st to soar,
 And dread'st the Infotence of France no more.

BUT whither wou'd the Muse her Flight pursue,
 Digressive from the Sign so full in View ?
 Here none but vulgar Names were ever found,
 Till now by *Tapwell's* Residence renown'd.
 Who joyful sees, in nightly Pomp, repair
 Select Conventions of the Bold and Fair ;
 Fam'd *Hockley's Sons*, and *Brickstreet's* warlike Train,
 With the bright *Galaxy of Drury-Lane* ;
 To eat, to drink, to sing, to laugh, to talk,
 For Pleasure, and to please, to dance, to walk.

FOREMOST of whom *Navalio*'s wont to praise,
 Known for his Love of *Pudding*, and of *Bess*. 40
 Above a Goddess was *Eliza* rais'd,
 And *Pudding* far beyond *Ambrosia* prais'd.
 Adhesive to his Friend fierce *Borneo* came,
 Whose Stomach equal'd his enormous Frame.
 Both Sons of *Neptune*, in the gay Retreats
 Of *Greenwich* destin'd their delightful Seats, 45
 Where they expatiate free, and tell unfought
 How *Byng* has battled, and how *Jumper* fought.
Nicôtian Fumes, to aid the frightful Tale,
 From either Mouth in curling Clouds exhale. 50
 Hail, sacred Herb! in Conversation's Hour
 How much is due to thy inspirant Pow'r?
 How soars the Soul with Gin and thee supply'd?
 How flag her Wings when either is deny'd?

THE crown'd with Fame in Trencher-fights before,
Like restless Heroes, covetous of more, 56

A Conquest worthy his aspiring Mind,
Thro' all the Room *Naval*ion strives to find,

Nor strives in vain; the Progeny of *Mars*,
Great as his Father in the *Belgian* Wars; 60

An awful Hero, whose distinguish'd Name
Swells by the Title of *the Man* to Fame,

Bellantio comes, and faithful to his Side,
Nicanor struts with military pride.

For former Services, in *Chelsea's* Bow'rs 65
Calmly they spend their comfortable Hours;

And boastful tell the Numbers of the Slain
At *Blenheim's* Battle, or *Ramillia's* Plain,

Fraught with *their own*, or *Marlbro's* just Applause,
The wond'rous Tale a strict Attention draws;

While

While from the Tubes projected Length arise
 Black Clouds of Fragrance, and perfume the Skies.

To them *Naval*, with a threatening Look,
 Disdainful thus in daring Accents spoke :

Bellantio, list ; Thou wond'rous Foe to Beef,

Of all the gormandizing Tribe the Chief ;

Thou whom no Wight in all *Augusta's* known

Of hotter Rage, at Tables not his own.

List, while I tell thee what my Soul desires,

A stern Impatience thy Applause inspires.

Spirits like mine, in either Love or Fame,

Indignant kindle at a rival Claim :

As youthful Monarchs, fond to rule alone,

Admit no Partners to divide the Throne.

Hear then this Challenge—Each a Friend provide,

And let a Trial our Dispute decide :

Bespeak

Bespeak two Dishes, equal in their Size,
 Heap'd with a Mess delightful to our Eyes;
 That Mess let *Pudding* be; whose grateful Smoke
 The sickliest Stomach might with Ease provoke.
 But here agree, that such as first refuse,
 Three sparkling Bowls of bright *Geneva* lose;
 And farther to advance the Victor's Meed,
 One costly Pound of *India's* fragrant Weed.
Naval thus, and thus the *Man* replies,
 The Beams of Honour bright'ning in his Eyes;
 On me, presumptuous, would'st thou mount to Fame?
 Mount on the Ruins of *Bellanti's* Name?
 To such Contempt am I for Eating grown?
 Or is my Character no better known?
 When hast thou seen me fail? when ever fly
 From the tough Dumplin, or the crusted Pye?
 THE C Beef,

Beef, Mutton, Fowl, Veil, Venison, or Fish?
 Or stern-ey'd Pig that grins upon the Dish?
 Are aught but Bones remov'd where'er I dine?
 Or ev'n those Bones till pick'd as bare as thine?
 Shall Pudding daunt me then?—*Nicanor's Jewel,*
 Be thou my Second in this Belly-duel.
 Remember at the *Derryan Siege*, on Frogs,
 Cats, Horses, Rats, old Leather, Mice, and Dogs,
 Thy Father fed, yet ev'ry Battle won;
 And shall I find less Virtue in the Son?
 Oh no, my Friend! exert your utmost Strength,
 In Breadth you have, what you may want in Length;
 To Fame intrepid let us eat our Way,
 When such the Prize, who wou'd not court the Pray?
 Nay burst indignant, rather than with Shame
 Recede inglorious, and disgrace his Name?

THE

THE Hero spoke, the hoarse and dreadful Sound
Scatter'd pale Fear, and Conternation round. 120

Thrice *Neptune's* younger Son essay'd to speak,
Thrice fault'ring sunk his Tongue, unnerv'd and weak.

At length recov'ring from his wild Surprise,
Thus *Borneo* to his Brother Chief applies:

'TIS past retrieve, the fatal Word you've spoke, 125
And cannot now with Decency revoke.

Tho' I the Danger see, tho' well I know
The Breadth and Depth of our insatiate Foe,

Dreadless I'll try what mortal Courage can,

T' assert our Quarrel, and abase *the Man*. 130

And prove, at least, the Sons of *Greenwich* dare

Intrepid mingle in the rav'nous War.

B O O K

THUS

THUS spoke the Tar.—To signalize his Name
 Impatient waits each Candidate for Fame.
 By joint Agreement, all at length conclude 135
 The Time and Place to prove their Fortitude.
 The third important Day reveals their Might,
 And *Chelsea*'s doom'd to be the Scene of Fight.
 Where Fame's bright Goddess is resolv'd to raise
 The laurell'd Victors to immortal Praise. 140

And cannot now with Decency revoke.
 Tho' I the Danger see, tho' well I know
 The Breadth and Depth of our intestine Foe,

I should like to see what mortal Courage can

To start our Quail, and shake the Man.

And prove, at least, the Sons of Greenwich date

Intruding mingling in the rav'ning War.

BOOK

By Arts like these, each Vulgar Tale succeeds,

Historic Truth alone shall guide her Days,

And bid the Vision hope for solid Prize.

B O O K II.

HERE might the wanton Muse, by Fancy led,
Th' imaginary Paths of Fiction tread;

Unbolt Heav'n's Gates, and shew the Pow'rs above

In Council met around the Throne of *Jove*.

While, in the Quarrel of their Sons engag'd,

The Warrior Pow'r, and God of Ocean rag'd;

Or prostrate to the Throne, with suppliant Cries

For Grace besought the Monarch of the Skies.

While *Jove*, quite neutral, high in Air suspends

His Golden Beam, the conqu'ring Side descends.

D

By

By Arts like these, each Vulgar Tale succeeds,

What she recites no false Adornment needs.

Historic Truth alone shall guide her Lays,

And bid the Victor hope for solid Praise.

H O O K

N O W twice emergent from the Gloom of Night, 15

Arose the Sun, and gave the Nations Light,

To craving Nature since *Bellantio* gave

The Tribute offer'd by the King and Slave.

While, conscious of the War he soon must wage,

He whets his Hunger, and improves his Rage; 20

By easing the laborious Ploughman's Hand,

And turning in his Stead the fertile Land.

With *Rome's* Dictator thus the Hero vy'd,

By whom the Camp and Plow by Turns were try'd;

Whose awful Shade, if Fame may gain Belief, 25

Resurgent gaz'd with Rapture on the Chief.

BEL-

BELLANTIO hail! th' illustrious Spectre cries,

By arduous Tolls Man must to Glory rise.

Fame shuns the Slothful; boldly then proceed,

Desert like thine assures the gallant Meed. 30

Oft from the Plow, to triumph o'er her Foes,

In antient Rome has *Cincinnatus* rose;

Like his thy Labours, and like his the Praise

Which crowns those Labours in succeeding Days.

SO spoke the Phantom, and resolv'd to Air, 35

And with the Phantom vanish'd all his Care;

A Burst of Joy the kindred Sounds inspire,

And for the Combat all his Soul's on Fire.

MEAN-TIME, acquainted with the desp'rate Foe,

Sollicitous the Sons of *Greenwich* grow; 40

Vex'd

Vex'd at their Chiefs, they curse th' ungovern'd Rage,
 Which rashly made them in the War engage,
 Now, now they cry, our Glory must decay,
 Now the Land triumphs o'er the vanquish'd Sea.
 Lost, or betray'd by one presumptuous Son, 45
 Are all our Trophies with such Labour won.
 And we, you Gods! for countless Years in vain
 Have planted Lawrels on the pathless Main.
 Thus mournful they, as prescient of their Doom,
 In joyless Chat the tedious Hours consume;
 Or, if reflecting on their former Deeds,
 A lucid Interval of Hope succeeds.
 A Moment scarce those Gleams of Joy prevail,
 When Fear comes rushing in, and turns the Scale.
 How weak, how wretched is the human State, 55
 Where Fancy bears an equal Sway with Fate!

Where

Where visionary Woes are often found
Far deeper ev'n than real Ills to wound !

NOW Darkness triumph'd o'er the closing Light,
The last, the only intermediate Night, 60

In broken Dreams, the Warrior Chiefs survey
The Shame, and Glory of th' ensuing Day.

While from the Chambers of the glowing East

Aurora springs, in Robes of Saffron drest,

And bids the Sun appear, design'd by Fame, 65

To give her Fav'rite an immortal Name.

AT *Chelsea* now engag'd is ev'ry Hand,
While rang'd in Order the Materials stand ;

Eggs pil'd on Eggs amaze the raptur'd Eye,

Wide-spread around Flour, Milk, and Raisins lie, 70

HA

E

The

The rich Ingredients, all together thrown,
From Blows receive a Texture not their own.

Loud thro' the Dome resounds the pleasing Noise,
A grateful Prelude to th' expected Joys.

WHILE, swiftly driv'n by six distinguish'd Names, 75
Smooth glides the Barge along the Silver *Thames*,
From *Greenwich*, which conveys th' appellat Pair,
To meet the Terrors of the rav'ning War.
Dreadless, where loud th' imprison'd Waters roar,
And sinking Crowds their Want of Skill deplore, 80
The Heroes pass; the glitt'ring Sprinkles play
Bright in the Sun, and pregnant with the Day.

THE Champions meet, each varying Face appears
With Hopes now flush'd, now chill'd with livid Fears.

All but *the Man's*; who thought each Moment slow, 85
 Of Conquest sure, and dreadful of the Foe.
 For *Phœbus* thrice had now the Earth review'd,
 Since he had blest his longing Jaws with Food.
 So Lions fast, by Kings prepared to seize
 With tenfold Fury their devoted Preys. 90
 Judge then what stern Impatience he display'd,
 When unprepar'd the Pudding he survey'd;
 Not louder roars the Torrent's angry Force,
 When for a Time deny'd its usual Course.
 Aloud he damns the Cook's unwieldy Frame, 95
 "What signifies that Fire's expiring Flame?
 "In vain, (Plague on you all!) them Bellows toil;
 "That Pot, you Dunderheads, will never boil."
 Prodigious Vase! in whose capacious Womb
 Lay all the Thunders of the War to come. 100

85 All but the Man; who thought each Moment slow,
 BUT long the Hero is not robb'd of Ease,

The Water whitens o'er the curling Blaze.

Wide as they tumble thro' the bubbling Ouze,

The stiff'ning Parts their former Crudeness lose.

The Cook disperses what remains of Care, 105

While loud he bids them for the Field prepare.

Scarce *Alexander*, when o'er *Lybia's* Sands

To *Ammon's* Fane he led his conqu'ring Bands,

Felt fiercer Transports, in the sacred Grove,

To find himself th' acknowledg'd Son of *Jove*, 110

Than felt our Heroes at the pleasing Sound,

Which dwelt on ev'ry Tongue, and eccho'd all around.

“That Pot, you Dunderheads, will never boil.”

THE Strength of twice two finewy Arms it took;

This Rival of a Cauldron, to unhook

BUT Twice

Twice two assist them, and their Vigour strain

115

T' invert the Vase, and let the Water drain.

With strictest Justice the Division made,

And each Proportion on the Table laid ;

To Spoons ! to Spoons ! they cry'd to Spoons they ran,

And quick as Thought the bloodless Fray began.

ILLUSTRIOUS AENEAS did thy amazing Fire

Exalt my Genius and my soul inspire ;

No longer should the Royal Mithras's Rage

The loud Applauds of the World engage ;

Unnotic'd he might pass the Ocean Flood,

Tho' on the Crimson Waves th' Immortals rode,

And he himself appear'd the leading God.

BOOK 10. More pompous won the Muse display

The matchless Wonders of this dreadful Day :

Describe

Twice two assist them, and their Vigour strain

To turn the Vase, and let the Water drain

With swift Justice the Division made,

And each Proportion on the Table laid;

To Spoons! to Spoons! they cry'd, to Spoons they ran,

B O O K III.

And quick as Thought the bloodless Fry began.

ILLUSTRIOUS *LEE!* did thy amazing Fire

Exalt my Genius; and my Soul inspire;

No longer shou'd the *Royal Madman's* Rage

The loud Applauses of the World engage;

"Unnotic'd he might pass the *Granic Flood*,

"Tho' on the Crimson Waves th' Immortals rode,

"And he himself appear'd the leading God.

In Verse more pompous wou'd the Muse display

The matchless Wonders of this dreadful Day:

Describe

Describe her Heroes in Pursuit of Fame,
 By Actions eager to assert their Claim,
 And the wide Havock of the Field declare,
 When Death, affrighted, fled the Waste of War.
 While in the blest Abodes, th' Olympic Pow'rs
 Attentive sat, and gaz'd on *Ghellea's* Bow'rs,
 Heedless of Business, or the rich Repast,
 "Slow shou'd they eat, to see them eat so fast."
 In great Attempts she knows it great to fall,
 Tho' Nature, Sense and Judgment shou'd recall,
 And cou'd her Wing support the daring Flight,
 With Thee she'd soar beyond the Reach of Sight.
 Like Thine, her Chiefs, regardless of their Doom,
 "Shou'd act their Joys, while Thunders shook the Room."
 But, conscious of her Weakness, she conveys
 Her fav'rite Subject in less pompous Lays.

Describe her Heroes in Pursuit of Fame,

OUR gallant Heroes, and assistant Squires,
 Whom Glory charms, and Hope of Conquest fires,
 Tremendous in their Might, assert their Cause,
 With dext'rous Hands, and Nimbleness of Jaws.
 The flying Spoons now empty, now replete,
 Ring on the Dish, or rattle as they eat.
 Bit follows Bit so fast, they scarcely taste,
 While heavily they breathe, and pant for haste.
 Warm grows the War, and Desolation reigns,
 In all its Horrors o'er the Pewter Plains.
 With These the field far beyond the Reach of Sight,

THUS when the Scavengers by Order meet
 From foul Obstruction to release the Street;
 Each plies the Shovel, and exerts his Skill,
 The wide-mouth'd Vehicles of Dirt to fill;

OUR

As emulous, who shou'd the first convey

Th' accumulated Loads of Mire away.

BUT who with equal Spirit can relate

Thy Deeds, *Bellantia*, formidably great?

How must he rise in tow'ring Flights of Thought?

In what strong Numbers shou'd his Verse be wrote?

Who with thy Jaws an equal Pace wou'd keep,

Bright as thy Spoon, yet as thy Belly deep?

Which, like the Ocean, never can run o'er,

Still as you eat, you still have Room for more.

To Globes of Pudding larger Globes succeed,

Of such Importance is the glorious Meed!

GROWN quite impatient, he begins to think

He waits too long for Honour, and for Drink;

Hands before Spoons were made, the Hero cry'd,
 And flung the trifling Engine strait aside. 55
 Then diving in the Dish, his Fists he cram'd,
 And down his Throat the bulky Morsels ram'd. BUT
 Which as *Naval*ion sees, he looks, he stares, Thy Deeds
 He spits, and heaves, he sickens and despairs. How must he
 Mournful he finds his Expectations crost, 60
 His Fame, Tobacco, and Geneva lost. Who with thy
 The dreadful Gulf wide-yawning to devour Bright as thy
 All he holds dear, in one unlucky Hour. Which like the Gulf
 In vain he strives to eat, his Stomach turns. Still as you eat
 He loaths the Pudding, and with Fury burns. 65
 Now desp'rate grown, he darts his mighty Span Of such
 Deep in the Mess, and hurls it at the Man.
 The well-aim'd Ball his warlike Face besmears, GROWN
 And instant all his Beauty disappears. He waits too long

SO have I read in *Legendary Tales*
 Of *Lapland*, where the Magic Power prevails;
 That Water, by the muttering Wizard thrown,
 Condemns Mankind to Figures not their own.
 A sudden Horror every Nerve invades,
 While all the Man insensibly recedes;
 Member on Member bristling into Swine,
 Till in the bestial ends the Form divine.
 But touch'd by counter Charms, the Brute again
 Starts back to Nature, and resumes the Man.
 SUCH seem'd the Man, while griev'd *Nicanor* flies,
 And wipes Pollution from the Hero's Eyes;
 Then sternly thus th' insulphant Foe addrest,
 Rage and Abhorrence struggling in his Breast;

WON

Provoke

Provoke not thus, Ingrate, the Wrath of Heav'n,
 Nor waste the Gifts for other Uses giv'n. 85
 Want justly follows the Abuse of Fobd,
 Learn then from me to use it as you shou'd!

Condemns Mankind to Furies not their own.

THOSE Words th' Attention he requires engage,
 While he devours the Instrument of Rage,
 Not so *the Man*; Revenge his Soul inspires, 90
 And kindles in his Eyes vindictive Fires;
 He heaves the Dish, and with amazing Force,
 Full at *Navalies* aims its dreadful Course.
 Who stoops and shuns the Blow, but fiercely sped,
 The Dish is lodg'd on mighty *Bornes*'s Head, 95
 Which with inverted Posture shews the Don
 Like *Quixote* with *Mambrino's Helmet* on.

Rage and Abhorrence surging in his Breast;

Provoke

NOW

NOW War with horrid Front, begins to frown,
 The Table tumbles, Chairs come rattling down ;
 Spoons, Knives and Plates promiscuously they throw,
 And *Pudding* flies like bandy'd Balls of Snow.

THUS, when above the Pow'rs of Heav'n engag'd,
 Disorder triumph'd where the Battle rag'd ;
 Here Satan thunders thro' the Storm of Fight,
 Swell'd with Success, and boastful of his Might.
 There *Michael's* Sword, with fierce two-handed Sway,
 Mows down whole Legions, and assures the Day.
 From either Host, in wild Confusion fly
 Rocks, Woods, and Hills, tempestuous thro' the Sky.
 With equal Rage our earthly Warriors throw
 Whate'er they meet offensive at the Foe.

What

H

Round

Round flock the Household Animals for Prog,
 Cocks, Hens, and Pigs, the grumbling Cat and Dog,
 Oaths, Cries, and Laughter in loud Volleys rise,
 Fill the wide Dome, and echo thro' the Skies,
 And Pudding flies like bandy'd Balls of Snow.

WHEN thro' her Streets in dread Array advance
 The *Prussian* Legions, or the Troops of France,
 Such mingled Scenes unhappy *Prague* has known,
 The Shout victorious, and the dying Groan,
 While Female Shrieks, and clashing Arms resound,
 And Death and Horror stalk licentious round.

SO rag'd the Combat, such the furious Din,
 When *Skipron*, who prepar'd the sparkling Gin,
 Advancing from his Post, with wild Surprise,
 Thus to the Leaders of the War applies:

Round

H

What

What is the Meaning?—Are the People mad?

I left you Friends but now I'm sure.—Oh sad!

Bellantio, nay! for *George* you shall not strike!

Ha! fight! did ever Mortal see the like!

AS in the Realms below, where loudly roars

The Voice of *Cerberus* thro' th' infernal Shores;

A Sop of wond'rous Pow'r when *Sybil* threw,

Forgetful of his Rage the Monster grew;

The Bark tremendous was no longer heard,

While Hell astonish'd at the Cause appear'd. 135

Or as when *Æolus's* Sons arise,

Toss the wild Waves, and bellow thro' the Skies;

Loud groans the Forest, loud the suff'ring Shore,

While Seas on Seas reverberated roar.

If *Neptune* speaks, th' Effect proclaims the God, 140

The Waves unruffle, and the Forests nod.

THUS

What is the Meaning?—Are the People mad?

THUS *Skilton's* Words the Champion's Rage disarm,

And all their Fury into Friendship charm;

Each Rebel Passion falls at their Command,

What can the Force of Eloquence withstand? 145

So all was hush'd, and *Skilton* leads the Way,

Where Music, Mirth, and Gin conclude the Day.

F I N I S



THUS